

CHARIVARIA.

THE PRINCE OF WALES made a lightning tour of Frankfurt the other day, exploring the cathedral in five minutes, and there is some talk of making him an honorary American.

A Bill to prohibit the use of motor-cars for the conveyance of electors to or from the poll has been introduced by Sir CHARLES HENRY. It is, of course, extremely annoying to be continually asked to lend one's car for this purpose.

It is denied that Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT intends to seek election for Parliament. He is reported to have expressed the view that the best Admirals do not enter Parliament.

Complaint has been made on the grouse moors in the Glenesk district of Forfarshire that the birds fly away at the noisy approach of an aeroplane. The military authorities express the opinion that the grouse will gradually become accustomed to the flying machines. Should this not prove to be the case, the air branch of our army will of course be dropped, for it must not be allowed to interfere with sport.

The steam cutter of H.M.S. *Impérieuse*, the dépôt ship at Portland, was missing one day last week, and it was ascertained by a diver that she had rubbed a hole in her side against the piles of the coaling dock, and then filled and gone down. Locally it is considered a clear case of suicide, for the *Impérieuse* was to be sold out of the service next month, and the cutter evidently preferred death to dishonour.

"ILLUMINATED PILLAR-BOXES
CANADA SETS AN EXAMPLE"

Thus *The Observer*. But surely our Suffragettes deserve the credit for the innovation?

"The result of a poll by *The Era* of the actresses of England on the subject of women's votes was," we are told, "244 in favour, 326 against, and 845 indifferent." We are shocked to hear that there are so many indifferent actresses in this country.

A pathetic incident is reported from Peterborough. In the stomach of a bullock which was slaughtered there were found a sovereign, a shilling, and a halfpenny. The poor beast is supposed to have been putting money by for his old age, and it is hard that he should have died without being able to enjoy his little savings.

Oh, these modern mothers! Kitty, the giraffe at the Zoo, is refusing to

takes place and a husband discovers one fine morning that his wife has gone out in his golfing suit!

Any attempt to brighten up the "Hatches, Matches and Dispatches" columns of our newspapers is to be welcomed, and we tender our grateful thanks to the couple whose marriage was announced in *The Times* last week under the heading, "LINK-CUFF." If ever there was an ideal union, surely we have it here.

From Senlis, in France, comes the news of the disappearance in the night of the clock of the famous church of Noel St. Martin. Time flies.

We are glad to hear that the Bishop of CARLISLE was wrongly reported in a contemporary as stating that he was considering whether it would not be wise to make "vice culture" a condition of ordination. It should have been "voice culture."

A DISPASSIONATE
CONVERSATION.

"WHEN I was quite a young man," he said, "I used to write down every evening before I went to bed some humorous anecdote, and I kept up the custom for many years. That is how I became a bore. How did you manage it?"

"I don't know," I said; "I think I was born that way. Not that I am a bore in the sense that you are a bore."

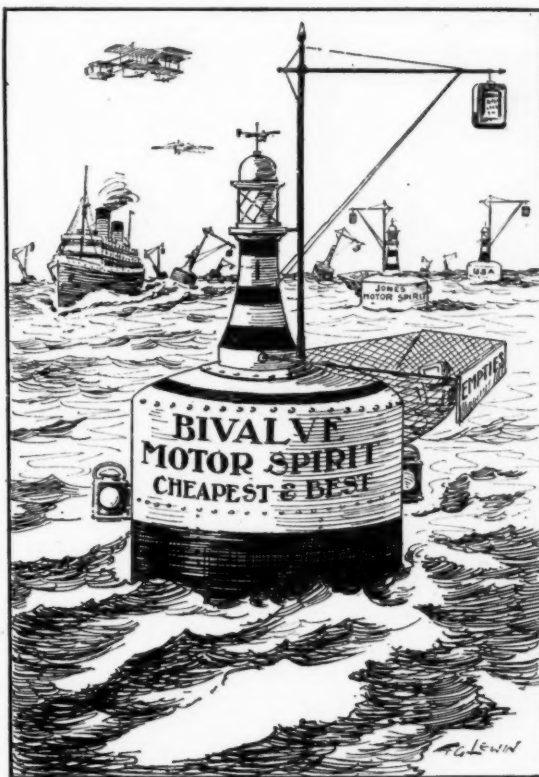
"Of course not," he replied briskly, "otherwise I should find you better company. It is the passive element in you which I find so disturbing.

Your disconcerting silences; or that awful solitary 'Yes,' which is worse than any silence."

"Yes," I said.

"Now the men I meet at the club," he continued, "the real professionals, who imagine that a game of bridge or a round of golf can be talked about—they are interesting, psychologically, anyway, and at times their enthusiasm is almost infectious. But *you* are just a wet blanket—if I may use the term without offence—a bore without the courage of his convictions."

"I have no convictions," I said, "except that I am a bore."



OCEAN PETROL STATIONS.

A NECESSITY OF THE FUTURE FOR CROSS-ATLANTIC AIRMEN, AND AN OPPORTUNITY AFFORDING AMPLE SCOPE FOR COMPETITIVE COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

feed her baby, who is now being brought up on the bottle.

A correspondent describes in *The Express* a new method of keeping a weather record, giving each day good or bad marks according to its pleasantness or unpleasantness. We fancy, however, that if an improvement is to be effected much sterner measures than these will have to be adopted.

M. LÉON BAKST considers that we are marching towards the fusion of the masculine and feminine costumes. And a pretty row there will be if the fasion

A SAD BUSINESS.

"LISTEN to this, Francesca," I said.

"Will it take long?" she replied. "Because I happen to be very busy."

"And that," I said, "is just what you ought to be if you are to appreciate what I am going to read to you."

"Come on, then," she said; "let us get it over quickly."

"I am not sure," I said, "that I like that tone. It does not strike me as sympathetic."

She opened her eyes wide, parted her lips, and yearned forward towards me. "Now," she said, "you can proceed. I am brimming over with sympathy. Let me hear your sad story and do what I can to comfort you."

"Do not glare at me," I said. "You discompose me. There, that's better. What I am going to read to you is from *The Daily News*. It is an interview with Mr. H. E. MORGAN, and it is all about the sorrows and sufferings of business men."

"But Tom doesn't suffer much," she said. "If he has sorrows he conceals them well."

"Is your brother Tom a real business man?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "He is on the Stock Exchange. He knows a lot about shares and debentures, and he plays a great deal of golf. He also shoots pheasants and disapproves of the Government. Oh yes, I am sure Tom is a business man, and a high-spirited one."

"But," I urged, "he may have a secret sorrow all the same. Even while he plays leap-frog with his companions in the Stock Exchange a canker may be gnawing at his vitals. His jests may be a mask. You know the clown when he leaves the theatre and goes home—"

"My brother Tom is no clown," she said with dignity.

"You must not catch me up like that," I said. "How do you know that he is not the saddest man in the world when he is away from you in his lonely home?"

"I cannot say," she said. "I have not yet been lucky enough to see him when he was away from me."

"Incorrigible one," I said. "You are pleased to be merry. Now listen to Mr. H. E. MORGAN. The article is headed, 'The Business Man as Hero. How he is Hampered by his Womankind.'"

"But Tom," she said, "has no womankind. Tom is a bachelore, like Mr. Peggotty."

"We will leave out Tom and Mr. Peggotty," I said, "and we will devote ourselves to Mr. MORGAN."

"No," she said, "I will not devote myself to Mr. MORGAN. I will do much for you, but not that."

"Francesca," I said, "you shall not escape me. You shall hear what this man says."

"I have been pining to hear it for half-an-hour," she said, "but you have refused to gratify me."

"Then listen," I said, "and tremble. Let me see, where is it? 'Marconi scenes'—no, it's not that. 'Europe's determination'—dear me, where— Ah, here it is. Now then for Mr. MORGAN. These are his burning words: 'I do not ask that the business man should be coddled or kept in cotton-wool, but I do maintain that hitherto he has had far less than his just share of feminine support and sympathy.' There, Francesca, what do you say to that?"

"It is most touching," she said; "but is that all?"

"No," I said, "worse remains behind: 'When a barrister gets his first brief, a doctor his first case, or when an artist sells his first picture or a novelist his first book, his wife is full of pride and joy.' Is that true?"

"It may be," she said; "but are they not all a little young to be married? You sold your first book long before we met. I had no chance to be full of pride and joy."

"No, but you would have been, wouldn't you? Listen

again: 'But when a business man gets his first "rise," which has, perhaps, cost him one cannot say how much brain-power, energy and industry, he usually gets scant appreciation from his wife. No man has to plough a more lonely furrow than the average business man making a career for himself.'"

"I cannot bear much more of this," said Francesca, wiping her eyes. "It is most pitiful. But I shouldn't have been like that. If you had been an average business man and had got your first 'rise' I should have spread a feast in your honour. I should have talked of your brain-power to everybody. I should have given the children a treat, and should have explained to them the energy and industry, yes, and the goodness of their father, for you are good—I mean, you would have been good if you had been an average business man, but as it is you are merely a writer, and—"

She broke down and sobbed.

"Thank you, Francesca," I said. "You are slightly confused, but you have a kind heart. I will now finish with Mr. MORGAN: 'Many mothers would prefer to see their daughters married to a failure in any of the more showy professions than to a successful business man—'"

"Mamma isn't like that," said Francesca.

"Please do not interrupt: 'Sisters are always glad for their brother to pilot them about if he happens to be a soldier or a sailor; but if he is merely in an office they show no such desire.' Is that accurate?"

"Well," said Francesca, "there's something in it. We do like sailors and soldiers even when they're not in uniform. They're more ready to pilot, you know, and they've got more time. They give their minds to piloting, and the business man thinks it a bore. Still, business men can be very agreeable. They've generally got lots of money, though they don't throw it about like sailors and soldiers."

"That may be," I said; "but how shall we answer Mr. MORGAN?"

"I don't think we'll worry about him," she said. "We're not business men and we've no right to speak." R. C. L.

THE TRUE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

[In many cases recently Suffragettes have only been saved from severe treatment at the hands of the public through the sturdy protection afforded them by the police.]

ROBERT, O Robert, my brave knight-errant,

Lending your aid to assaulted Suff.,

Your duty disdaining the strong deterrent

That *they*'ve used *you* like the toughest "toughs;"

Not less to chivalrous deeds you're bound

Than the olden Knights of the Table Round!

And of all those gents of the blameless Order

Sir Gareth 's the one who was most your style—

Lynette's young man, who was sworn to ward her,

And did it, however she might revile.

She insulted him, Robert; she chose to flout

The limb of the King. But he helped her out.

Ever he answered in gentle fashion,

Escorting her safe from the clutch of her foe;

And you, whom the fist of the Suff. falls crash on,

Have scorned to retaliate, well we know;

Keeping your knightly vows in mind,

You stand between her and enraged mankind.

Go it, then, gallant Sir Gareth-Robert,

Heir of the old chivalric days!

Talon and tooth of the suffrage mob hurt

Your skin, but your honour they fail to graze;

England is proud of you; Mr. Punch

Would shake your hand and endure the crunch.



"TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE!"





"PLEASE, SIR, 'T WASN'T ME!"

SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT!

LIVELY sympathy has been expressed in many quarters with President WOODROW WILSON in his toilsome endeavours to secure suitable diplomatic representatives for the United States at the principal European capitals; but this sympathy will be heightened tenfold when the public learns the inner history of these negotiations. It is generally known that Dr. ELIOT, ex-President of Harvard, and Mr. OLNEY, the Secretary of State in Mr. CLEVELAND's Administration, aged respectively 79 and 80, both declined the honour; but the English Press knows nothing yet of President WOODROW WILSON's previous conscientious efforts to secure men for these posts who by their age and dignity would specially appeal to the Old World.

We have it on the best authority that he applied to GEORGE BANCROFT (born in 1800) and NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (born in 1804) before making overtures to Dr. ELIOT and Mr. OLNEY; also that amongst other eminent publicists, professors and warriors to whom he applied were the following:—

Professor Galusha Maldrup Tittle, aged 91.

Dr. John Flesher Pinchback, aged 93.

Admiral Sherman Tecumseh McClung, aged 88.

General Erastus Blodgett, aged 84.
Judge Epaphroditus Pennypacker, aged 89.

Colonel Myron Goslee Killikelly, aged 82.

Professor Moses Seneca Spratling, aged 103.

Somewhat depressed by the fact that the persons named either declined the offer or, in the case of Messrs. BANCROFT, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, POE and SPRATLING, actually refrained from answering him at all, Professor WILSON then decided to break new ground altogether. "GUNBOAT" SMITH, the famous American pugilist, who was approached by President WOODROW WILSON at this stage of his protracted quest, has stated to a representative of *The New York Undercut* the motives which obliged him to decline the honour. These motives, he explains, were partly political and racial, partly financial and partly hygienic and ethical. "GUNBOAT" SMITH, it appears, is of Irish-American descent, and is animated by the keenest sympathy for Irish Nationalist aspirations. For him, therefore, to accept the post of Ambassador at St. James's before the Home Rule Bill was placed on the Statute Book would naturally be resented by millions of his brother Irish-Americans, including Senator O'GORMAN, and would place him in a very false position. Secondly, he could

not afford to accept a post which would oblige him to leave the ring when he was earning an income more than ten times as large as the salary attached to the appointment. Thirdly, as a convinced teetotaler he felt strong conscientious scruples about accepting a position which would involve a great deal of entertainment, in which the provision of alcoholic beverages was inevitable. Lastly, he was far too young to accept an appointment which had been offered in the first instance to men of seventy-nine years and upwards.

The various reasons which have led other gentlemen to refuse the flattering offer would fill a book. But, as Mr. CHAUNCEY DEFEW, the famous American wit, has so aptly said, one can always turn to a new Page, and this is what the President has done. All good luck to the PAGE which he has chosen!

Another Impending Apology.

"Visits were paid to Rotterdam, where a visit to the Zoo helped to form most pleasant recollections of our Dutch friends."

Sportsman.

"Tallangatta, Tuesday. — Mr. — was giving a demonstration of the best method of throwing a horse, when the animal fell on him and broke his leg."—*Colonial Paper.*

We like his spirit.

THE UNSETTLER.

I HAD been house-hunting, of course vainly, and after a long wait succeeded in getting a fly at the village inn to drive me to the nearest station. I don't say I had seen nothing I liked, but nothing that was empty. As a matter of fact I had seen one very charming place, but every window had an infernal blind in it and the chimneys were sending up their confounded smoke; and I was in a vile temper. None the less, when a little man in black suddenly appeared before me and begged to be allowed to share my cab (and its fare), I agreed. He began to talk at once, and having disposed of the weather, Sir RUFUS ISAACS, the Grand National and the want of enterprise shown in the ordinary English village, he said that his business took him a good deal into unfamiliar places.

Having nothing to reply to this, I asked him what his business was.

"I'm an unsettler," he said.

"An unsettler?"

"Yes. It's not a profession that we talk much about, because the very essence of it is secrecy, but it's genuine enough and there are thousands of us. Of course we do other things as well, such as insurance agency, but unsettling pays best."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Well," he explained, "it's like this. Say you are thinking of moving and you want another house. You can't find an empty one that you like, of course. No one can. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to make a compromise. You will either wait till you find one that you do like, or you will go without. But meanwhile you see plenty of occupied houses that you like, just as every one else does. But you differ from other persons in being unwilling to believe that you can't have what you want. This makes my opportunity. You return to the agent and tell him that the only house you liked was (say) a white one at East Windles. 'It was not one on your list,' you say; 'in fact it was occupied. It is the house on the left, in its own grounds, just as you enter the village. There is a good lawn and a wonderful clipped yew hedge.' 'Oh, yes,' says the agent, 'the Old Parsonage.' 'Who lives there?' you ask. 'An old lady named Burgess,' says the agent—'Miss Burgess.' 'Would she leave?' you ask. 'I should very much

doubt it,' says the agent, 'but I could, of course, sound her.' 'I'll give you twenty-five pounds,' you say, 'if you can induce her to quit;' and off you go. It is then that the unsettler comes in. The agent sends for me and tells me the story; and I set to work. The old lady has got to be dislodged. Now what is it that old ladies most dislike? I ask myself. It depends, of course; but on general principles a scare about the water is safe, and a rumour of ghosts is safe. The water-scare upsets the mistress; the ghost-scare upsets the maids. Having decided on my line of action, I begin to spread reports, very cautiously, of course, but with careful calculation, and of course never appearing in it myself; and gradually, bit



THE HOME CINEMATOGRAPH FOR SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA.

by bit, Miss Burgess takes a dislike to the place. Not always, of course. Some of them are most unreasonable. But sooner or later most of them fall to the bait and you get the house. That's my profession, Sir."

"Well," I said, "I think it's a black-guard one."

"Oh, Sir!" he replied. "Live and let live."

"It's funny, all the same," I added, "that I should have run across you, because I've been looking for a house for some time and the only one I liked was tenanted."

He pulled out a pocket-book. "Yes?" he said, moistening his pencil.

But I have nothing more to tell you about the little beast.

"He was a handsome young fellow, standing six feet in his socks and well-proportioned to boot."—*London Mail*.

What size were his boots?

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are informed authoritatively that the novel just published by Mr. MURRAY and entitled *The Arnold Lip* has no reference, offensive or otherwise, to any other firm of publishers; while we have reason to believe that the novel in Mr. ARNOLD's Spring list entitled *Nash and Some Others*, makes no allusion, direct or indirect, to Mr. EVELEIGH NASH.

No particulars are forthcoming regarding a new novel which Mr. ARNOLD has nearly ready, entitled *The Jaw of John Murray*, but we believe it is to be of a striking nature.

Among publications shortly to be expected from Mr. NASH is a novel under the title *That Fellow Arnold and his Little Lot*, which we are given to understand will be highly satirical in character.

Upon enquiry we learn that Mr. SECKER is preparing a new edition of *The Sunken Bell* entirely without reference, expressed or implied, to the fortunes of another publishing house.

Mr. LONG, who has met with a stupendous demand before publication for *The Peculations of Paul*, expressed a hope to our representative that the novel, which deals with the love story of a fraudulent solicitor, will on no account be associated with the head of a rival house of publishers, with whom his relations continue to remain most cordial.

Messrs. PAUL have found themselves compelled to go to press with an immense edition of a remarkable new novel entitled *Who's Ouseley*?

So unprecedented is the demand for *The Great John Long* that Messrs. HOLDEN and HARDINGHAM are completely exhausted before publication.

The Fat Poor.

Mr. CHURCHILL as reported in *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"The other measure is to reduce the cost of the Osborne and Dartmouth course, in order that a larger lad than is at present possible may be able to afford to enter the navy."

From an advt. of an Aeroplane Display in *The Knutsford Guardian*:—

"The Flying Exhibition can only be seen from the Ground."

Then we shall remain there, and nothing shall induce us to go up.



THE BON MOT CLUB HAD A VERY DISTRESSING EXPERIENCE AT THEIR LAST WEEKLY DINNER. THREE PAINFUL MINUTES DRAGGED PAST WITHOUT ANY MEMBER BEING ABLE TO THINK OF A SINGLE WITTY REMARK.

NON BENE RELICTA.

(A Tragedy of the Line.)

Or Ceres blent and Dionysus' bloom,
Offspring of vineyards and the harvest sun,
I bought it in the Rhyl refreshment-room,
A plain sultana bun.
For this some English farmer ploughed the plain,
For this men toiled beneath an Orient flag;
My purpose was to munch it in the train
Out of a paper bag.
So far so good. I laid it by my side,
Meaning to browse at leisure, and to know
What beauties of the harem, laughing-eyed,
Lurked in the screen of dough.
Oh snobbery! Oh sad self-consciousness!
Into my carriage, whilst I still delayed,
Climbed, with exceeding care about her dress,
A glorious English maid.
I marked her face, I marked her queenly guise,
I marked her hat, and "What," I whispered, "feed
Off bun before those proud patrician eyes—
I dare not do the deed.
"What if she lifts perchance her Norman nose,
As who should say, 'A churl of loutish kind,
He eats his food from paper bags!'" I rose,
I left my targe behind.
I rose and went into the corridor
And found a carriage sacred to the pipe.
The bag? The paper bag? 'Twas not my store;
Some proletariat type

Had left it on the seat, a cast-off shame;
I found it when I took the train at Rhyl.
Ugh! the vile object. Stations went and came
And I grew hungrier still. . . .

We stopped at Chester. I went softly back,
Hoping against all hope the girl had flown,
And, after long pain and exhaustion's rack,
Love might resume its own.

Alas, no luck. The maiden still was there.
I grasped my courage then in either hand.
My bun, my little bun! I did not care—
Death gnawed beneath my band.

I turned my eyes towards my former place,
Then reeled and turned again; she still sat on,
That haughty charmer with the proud, cold face,
Yes, but my bag was gone!

Nothing betrayed the marble of her cheek;
Only on one red lip—ah, horror dumb—
Stern with the old disdain that left me weak,
Trembled a lonely crumb. EVOE.

From *The Summerfield Parish Magazine* :—

"The Superintendent of the City Road Sunday School acknowledges with best thanks the following gifts :—Mrs. Woodward, 5/-; Mrs. Menno, 2/-; Mr. Watkins, 2/6! Mrs. Andrews, 5/-."

"My dear, fancy Mr. WATKINS!"

"The Scottish law officers receive salaries inclusive of all business."
Evening News.

It doesn't sound as though they did much business.

AN INSURANCE ACT.

Of course I had always known that a medical examination was a necessary preliminary to insurance, but in my own case I had expected the thing to be the merest formality. The doctor, having seen at a glance what a fine strong healthy fellow I was, would look casually at my tongue, apologise for having doubted it, enquire genially what my grandfather had died of, and show me to the door. This idea of mine was fostered by the excellent testimonial which I had written myself at the Company's bidding. "Are you suffering from any constitutional disease?—No. Have you ever had gout?—No. Are you deformed?—No. Are you of strictly sober and temperate habits?—No," I mean *Yes*. My replies had been a model of what an Assurance Company expects. Then why the need of a doctor?

However, they insisted.

The doctor began quietly enough. He asked, as I had anticipated, after the health of my relations. I said that they were very fit, and, not to be outdone in politeness, expressed the hope that *his* people, too, were keeping well in this trying weather. He wondered if I drank much. I said, "Oh, well, perhaps I *will*," with an apologetic smile, and looked round for the sideboard. Unfortunately he did not pursue the matter. . . .

"And now," he said, after the hundredth question, "I should like to look at your chest."

I had seen it coming for some time. In vain I had tried to turn the conversation—to lead him back to the subject of drinks or my relations. It was no good. He was evidently determined to see my chest. Nothing could move him from his resolve.

Trembling, I prepared for the encounter. What terrible disease was he going to discover?

He began by tapping me briskly all over in a series of double-knocks. For the most part one double-knock at any point appeared to satisfy him, but occasionally there would be no answer and he would knock again. At one spot he knocked four times before he could make himself heard.

"This," I said to myself at the third knock, "has torn it. I shall be ploughed," and I sent an urgent message to my chest, "For 'eving's sake do something, you fool. Can't you hear the gentleman?" I suppose that roused it, for at the next knock he passed on to an adjacent spot. . . .

"Um," he said, when he had called everywhere, "um."

"I wonder what I've done," I

thought to myself. "I don't believe he likes my chest."

Without a word he got out his stethoscope and began to listen to me. As luck would have it he struck something interesting almost at once, and for what seemed hours he stood there listening and listening to it. But it was boring for me, because I really had very little to do. I could have bitten him in the neck with some ease . . . or I might have licked his ear. Beyond that, nothing seemed to offer.

I moistened my lips and spoke.

"Am I dying?" I asked in a broken voice.

"Don't talk," he said. "Just breathe naturally."

"I am dying," I thought, "and he is hiding it from me." It was a terrible reflection.

"Um," he said and moved on.

By-and-by he went and listened behind my back. It is very bad form to listen behind a person's back. I did not tell him so, however. I wanted him to like me.

"Yes," he said. "Now cough."

"I haven't a cough," I pointed out.

"Make the noise of coughing," he said severely.

Extremely nervous, I did my celebrated imitation of a man with an irritating cough.

"H'm! h'm! h'm! h'm! h'm!"

"Yes," said the doctor. "Go on."

"He likes it," I said to myself, "and he must obviously be an excellent judge. I shall devote more time to mimicry in future. H'm! h'm! h'm! . . ."

The doctor came round to where I could see him again.

"Now cough like this," he said. "Honk! honk!"

I gave my celebrated imitation of a sick rhinoceros gasping out its life. It went well. I got an encore.

"Um," he said gravely, "um." He put his stethoscope away and looked earnestly at me.

"Tell me the worst," I begged.

"I'm not bothering about this stupid insurance business now. That's off, of course. But—how long have I? I must put my affairs in order. Can you promise me a week?"

He said nothing. He took my wrists in his hands and pressed them. It was evident that grief over-mastered him and that he was taking a silent farewell of me. I bowed my head. Then, determined to bear my death-sentence like a man, I said firmly, "So be it," and drew myself away from him.

However, he wouldn't let me go.

"Come, come," I said to him, "you must not give way;" and I made an

effort to release my hand, meaning to pat him encouragingly on the shoulder.

He resisted. . . .

I realised suddenly that I had mistaken his meaning, and that he was simply feeling my pulses.

"Um," he said, "um," and continued to finger my wrists.

Clenching my teeth, and with the veins starting out on my forehead, I worked my pulses as hard as I could.

* * * * *

"Ah," he said, as I finished tying my tie; and he got up from the desk where he had been making notes of my disastrous case, and came over to me. "There is just one thing more. Sit down."

I sat down.

"Now cross your knees."

I crossed my knees. He bent over me and gave me a sharp tap below the knee with the side of his hand.

My chest may have disappointed him . . . He may have disliked my back . . . Possibly I was a complete failure with my pulses . . . But I knew the knee-trick.

This time he should not be disappointed.

I was taking no risks. Almost before his hand reached my knee, my foot shot out and took him fairly under the chin. His face suddenly disappeared.

"I haven't got *that* disease," I said cheerily. A. A. M.

THE CUCKOO.

THE cuckoo, when the lambkins bleat,
Does nothing else but sing and eat.
The other birds in dale and dell
Sing also—but they work as well.

When daisies star the April sward
His eggs he places out to board,
That when his nursery should be full
He may not be responsible.

When other birds, from rooks to wrens,
Good husbands are and citizens,
The cuckoo's little else beyond
A captivating vagabond.

The other birds who dawn acclaim,
Their songs are sweet but much the same;

The cuckoo has a ruder tone
But absolutely all his own.

Now where's the bard that it would
irk

To eat his meals and not to work?—
And it's prodigiously worth while
To have an individual style.

So I would be the cuckoo bold
And loaf in meadows white-and-gold,
And make a song unique as his
And shirk responsibilities.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE LATER EDITION.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who now and then liked a little flutter on the Turf. Rarely did he win, but he did not risk much, and he had probably as much fun for his losses as he would have obtained in any other way and not much more expensively. Well, after a long and dreary winter of steeplechasing and hurdling, in which he took very little interest, the flat season at last opened again and all the world was full of talk of the Lincolnshire Handicap; and "the curtain being rung up on the Carholme," and all the old tropes of sporting journalism were trotted out; and in common with most of the male population of the British Isles, and not a few women, this gambler was exercised in his mind as to what would win. There was a very large field—over twenty horses—to pick from, and since none of them had done anything since November, and much may happen to a horse during the winter, the race was exceedingly open, nor was the decision made any easier by the conflicting advice of the prophets and the sons of the prophets, each of whom had a different fancy. So he made up his mind to choose for himself, and, after much searching of heart and the destruction of many telegraph forms, he at last despatched to his commission agent a message desiring him to back Cuthbert both ways for five pounds, and having done this he resolutely forgot all about the race until the boys began to shout the result in the streets. Even then he declined to be hurried, but with a great affectation of apathy he bought a paper, and when he saw that his own Cuthbert, child of his prescience, was first at 100 to 6 you could have knocked him down with an osprey, for this meant over £100 in hand. He retired to his club and let his mind run on what he would do with it. There was a little picture at CHRISTIE'S in the Friday's sale which had much attracted him—he could now have that; and the new limited edition of KIPLING; and an anonymous tenner to one or two needy friends might be managed; and the new billiard-cloth could be assured—all through the gallant efforts of the brave Cuthbert. He also wrote a few letters announcing his success, and then leaving his club very happy in mind, he was met by another newspaper-boy bearing a placard which said, "Lincoln Handicap Sensation," and, idly buying this, the man discovered that the brave Cuthbert had been disqualified and was now utterly discredited and last of all, and a miserable impostor named Berrildon was first, so that, instead



"I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU COME SO REGULARLY TO OUR EVENING SERVICES, MRS. BROWN."

"YUS. YER SEE, ME 'USBAND 'ATES ME GOIN' HOUT OF A HEVENING, SO I DOES IT TO SPIKE 'IM."

of touching £100 and more, he owed his commission-agent £10. And could there be a much sadder true story?

WHAT EVERY LIBERAL SHOULD KNOW.

FOLLOWING the example of the Navy, where competitive cadetships are shortly to be established, the Gladstone League is about to found a number of scholarships in current political topics. As a general indication of the character of the questions which will be put, the following specimen paper has been circulated:—

1. State in what circumstances it is possible to conceive that Mr. T. W. RUSSELL would ever resign office.

2. Who is the only member of the Cabinet whom none of his colleagues are able to call by his Christian name?

3. How would you handicap a four-some in which Sir RUFUS ISAACS and Lord ROBERT CECIL were opposed by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. KEBTY-FLETCHER?

4. State your reasons for preferring HANDEL BOOTH as a vocalist to HAYDEN COFFIN, or *vice versa*.

5. Who said that listening to the Rev. SYLVESTER HORNE, M.P., in the House of Commons gave him "pulpitations of the heart"?

6. Where are Elibank, Charnwood, Aberconway, Walton Heath and Criccieth?



GOING IT!

SCENE—A "Bataille de Boules" at a Restaurant on the Riviera.

British Matron (to her Daughters). "OF COURSE, MY DEARS, IT IS NOT BEHAVIOUR I WOULD FOR ONE MOMENT COUNTENANCE IN LONDON, BUT IN ROME, AS THE SAYING IS, ONE SHOULD DO AS THE ROMANS DO, AND SO I DO NOT KNOW THAT THERE WOULD BE ANY PARTICULAR HARM IF YOU EACH THREW JUST ONE AT YOUR FATHER."

THE MOUNTAIN HARE.

Off sleep Snafell the wind comes cool,
But in the sun the stacks are steaming,
And on the lawn a furry pool,
Three lazy dogs that lie a-dreaming;
When suddenly, beside the hedge,
Near the blue iris fast uncrinkling,
A hare steps on the grassy edge,
His brown bright eyes with mischief twinkling.

No porsy meadow-hare is this
To fall a prey to plodding beagles;
He is a mountain hare, I wis,
And trains himself in dodging eagles;
Straight for those dreaming dogs he goes,
And as he lightly vaults them over
Flips with contemptuous pads the nose
Of bold Ben Gunn or Jack or Rover!

Away he pelts straight up the hill
With springing steps that never slacken,
A flash of red along the fell,
A running ripple through the bracken;
Light as a blown leaf on his feet
And swifter than a scudding swallow,
While the three dogs in breathless heat
With one wild howl of "Banzai!" follow.

First goes Ben Gunn, his nose to the track,
Sore vexed that puss has caught him napping,
And then that scapegrace terrier Jack,
Wasting his precious breath in yapping;
Then a long pause, and then—unkind,
Ungallant of her friends to leave her!
Panting perspiringly behind
A stout and middle-aged retriever.

O craft that doubles in the gorse,
O speed that skims the open reaches!
What jokes beside the water-course,
What merry japes among the beeches!
The fells with sun and shadow hued,
The larches gay with April bunting,
And both pursuers and pursued
Delirious with the joy of hunting.

But joys are fleeting! Pussy feels
His friends behind too blown to rally,
And with a pitying kindness wheels
Back to their own, their native valley;
Plumb on their sacred lawn he halts—
A sight to drive a true dog crazy!
Tumbles two saucy somersaults
And *crit*, fresher than a daisy.



FIVE KEELS TO NONE.

THE UNITED POWERS. "COME OUTSIDE, YOUNG 'UN, WE'VE PREPARED A NICE LITTLE DEMONSTRATION FOR YOU."

MONTENEGRO. "OH, GO AWAY, YOU SILLY SAILOR-MEN; CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 31.—Looking round more than half-empty benches at Question-time it seems impossible that the Session, but a few weeks old, can hold out to Whitsuntide. As a rule, whatever may befall as an average sitting drones along, there is full attendance at Question-time. Treasury Bench is thronged by Ministers eager to give as little information as possible in adequate number of words. LEADER OF OPPOSITION and his colleagues are temporarily united in search for opening to trip up Government. Through the Question-hour (which, by the way, lasts only forty-five minutes), no one knows what may turn up. Consequently all are in their places ready to be interested or amused.

Peculiarity of to-day's situation is singular absence on part of Leaders. The hungry sheep look up and are not fed. To begin with, SPEAKER is represented by Deputy. Two Members on Front Opposition Bench represent flower of the ex-Ministry. The PREMIER, to whom customary bunch of Questions are addressed, is out of hearing. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is engaged in apostolic work recorded by St. Paul, Ephesus being represented by the Marconi Committee-room upstairs. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is in the same arena. Even MASTERMAN, whose capacity for answering Questions designed with baffling intent is superhuman, extends his week-end.

HICKS-JOYNSON—or is it JOYNSON-HICKS? In the early days of Ministerial colleagueship the late MARKIS used to complain that he never knew whether Old Morality was H. W. SMITH or W. H. However precedence runs, the Member for Brentford was all over the shop. The SPEAKER, who cannot be accused of niggardliness in the matter, has drawn the line at six Questions as a maximum allowance for a single Member. HICKS-JOYNSON, subtly grouping four under two headings, managed to evade the regulations and put eight. His activity did little to relieve depression that settled down upon House. As one swallow does not make a summer, so a hyphen linking two surnames does not involve double capacity for commanding attention.

Effect of situation upon Mr. GINNELL

comically embarrassing. Appropriated considerable portion of Question Paper with a Shorter Catechism of diversified interest. Had as usual, necessarily in ignorance of nature of Ministerial reply, drafted in manuscript sheaf of Supplementary Questions "arising out of that answer." These he prefaced by addressing "Mr. Speaker." Correcting himself with grave deliberation he substituted the formula, "Mr. Deputy-Speaker." This, regularly repeated

fresh effort in same direction. It certainly had the charm of the unexpected. This the third session of the Member for Altrincham; as far as one remembers, his maiden speech was made to-day when he suddenly fell upon CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and tried to rend him. His acquirements as a linguist are among the proudest appanages of the Liverpool provision market. Since he came to Westminster he has been silent in five languages.

This afternoon burst forth in one, and straightway made a Parliamentary reputation.

Began with inquiry set forth on paper desiring to know from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "whether there are any emoluments or allowances attached to his office other than his salary."

On face of it question suggested to penetrating mind of DENISON FABER that suspicion of there being "something behind" which stirred its self-confessed vacuity when he came across the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's cable message to his brother in New York, "I hope that by the time you come back the Coal Strike may be

finished." Whether the mind of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was disturbed by similar suspicion is not known. He contented himself with short rejoinder in the negative.

It was here that KEITY-FLETCHER, to the amazement of House, erupted. Had Vesuvius on a summer evening, after long period of quiescence, broken forth in flames and streams of boiling lava, the immediate neighbourhood could not have been more astonished.

"Arising out of that reply," he said, "is not the right honourable gentleman's salary sufficient to prevent him wrongfully and improperly gambling —?"

Evidently more to follow, but whether KEITY meant to finish the sentence in German, Latin, or a dialect of the Slav tongue, no one knows. Loud shout of "Order! Order!" boomed from Ministerial benches. SPEAKER interposed with obvious remark that the further question did not, as alleged, "arise out" of Minister's reply and was therefore not in order. LLOYD GEORGE leapt to his feet and, regarding his assailant with flashing eyes, invited him to "come outside." Of course didn't put invitation in this precise form. That its plain meaning.

KEITY rose respondent to the chal-



KEITY-FLETCHER IN ERUPTION.

through a course of interrogation, occupied some time. But time is matter for slaves and, true Britons all, House of Commons never will be slaves.

Business done.—Report Stage of the Navy Estimates agreed to without division.

Tuesday.—The measure of success attendant on eruption of KEITY-FLETCHER was not such as to encourage



"Self-confessed vacuity."
(Mr. DENISON FABER.)

lengo. **SPEAKER** on his feet again insisting that if Member for Altrincham had further questions to ask he should put them on the Paper. Evidently didn't think a man with such command of language was to be trusted to speak on spur of moment. **KERTY** bobbed up and down like parched pea in frying-pan. Whenever he rose a howl of execration came from benches opposite. "Snob! Snob!" they shouted. "Cad! Cad!" Where to well-wishers on Opposition benches, with fuller command of syllables, responded, "Marconi!" "Whitewashing!"

Worse than the uproar was attitude of the **SPEAKER**. **KERTY**'s pale lips moved as if he were translating a select passage from a foreign classic. That all right, since not a syllable could be heard. But whenever, after contact with the frying-pan, the parched pea



HICKS-JOYNSON.

popped up, the **SPEAKER** was also on his legs and **KERTY** dropped down.

Strangers in the Gallery, brought up to respect what they were taught to regard as "the first body of gentlemen in Europe," looked round uneasily. Began to think that by some strange mistake they had strayed into what **ALBERT MARKHAM** last week described as "a pothouse crowd."

SARK, who is reaching the status of one of the oldest Members and reveres the memories of forty years of close intimacy, refrains from habit, sometimes perhaps obtrusive, of interposing frivolous remarks on the episode. Jealous of the dignity and high traditions of the House he discerns in it fresh testimony to the deplorable decadence that has marked its proceedings during recent months.

Eruption subsided as suddenly as it had broken forth. Business went on as if nothing out of the way had happened.

Business done.—Alarums and excursions. Incidentally motion that House should go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates agreed to. At end of eight hours **SPEAKER** left the Chair. Two minutes later everybody left the House. Sitting adjourned.

THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

WHEN I have got a song to sing,
No power on earth can stop it;
And this, you must admit, is Spring
When bluebells do (or ought to) ring
And Edwin whispers "Ting-a-ling!"
And Angelina, "Drop it!"
When songsters ought to have their fling,
And lovers ought to pop it.
For are not questions things to pop
And is a song a thing to stop?

Ten years ago I loved a piece
Whose Christian name was Mary;
She was a stout attorney's niece
And swore our love should never cease;
But oh! when uncles are obese
Then are they most contrary.
When this one whistled for the p'lice
Myself, becoming wary,
Remarked, upon a second thought,
To cease, perhaps, was what it ought.

The constable was big and blue,
His views were most decided. . . .
And, now whenever Spring is due,
I thank my stars, as so would you,
If you had got a star or two
And you had fared as I did.
(One's stars will always see one through
If one will but be guided.)
But what I thank my planets for
Is keeping me a bachelor.

"But what," you ask, "of Mary,
pray?"

Another man bespoke her,
Whom she, upon her wedding day,
Was pledged to honour and obey
And even love him in a way.
Although he was a Broker.
But as for him, I've heard him say
He's half a mind to choke her.
"But what has this," you ask again,
"To do with Spring?" I will explain.

Though Spring's the time when love
is ripe

And ready for the gleaning,
When Corydon assumes his pipe
And, giving it a thoughtful wipe,
Croons lays of an erotic type
But little inner meaning—
'Tis then that husbands feel the gripe
And misery of cleaning.
A wife, they tell me, is a thing
That one is best without in Spring.

Notice outside Oxford:—

"Bear left at centre of town for Banbury."
Sir **FREDERICK** should claim it at once.

ROMEO TO RAG-TIME.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE CINEMA.

"*Romeo and Juliet*" in eight pieces,
half-a-mile long. Comedy, tragedy,
love, pathos, crime."—Hoarding.

[A weekly paper asks our serious dramatists to turn their attention to the cinema stage. Why not *Romeo and Juliet* on the films—as, of course, a cowboy drama?]

Scene 1.—Cowboy "serap" in Dead Man's Gully, Ohio, U.S. Gilead J. Capulet's boys engage Samuel P. Montague's gang. Bowie-knives, shooting-irons, broncho-busters, sheepskin trousers, etc. Music (mechanical piano), "Ragging the Ragtime," with chorus of nigger minstrels. Enter Old Man Capulet and Old Man Montague and get busy with their guns. They break up.

Scene 2.—Moonlight dance on Gilead J. Capulet's ranch. Cowboys and cow-girls Boston. Music, "Hitely Koo." Enter Romeo S. Montague with Ben-volio (comic entry, disguised). Old Man Capulet, not recognising them, gives them the glad eye. Romeo sees Juliet (Sadie) Capulet and they fall in love. Conversation cards shown on film—

What's wrong with her?
She's a beaut!—eh?

Say! He's top-notch!

Nephew Tybalt Capulet recognises Rome Montague and gets shirty. Conversation cards shown—

Gee Whiz! A darned Montague!

Another of them Capulet critters!
Well, I'm jiggered!

They pull out their guns, but Old Man Capulet calls it off.

Scene 3.—Under Julie's window—moonlight. Rome draws hand across forehead, stamps, and hits himself on brisket to show he is in love with Jule. She (on verandah) leans chin on one hand and saws the air with the other to show she accepts him. Nigger coon-song heard off—"Linger longer, Lucy." Cards—

Is it a deal, my Jule?

Waal, you're It!
What's wrong with getting hitched
right away?

Whoopie, it's a cinch!

Scene 4.—Parson Lawrence's shanty. Wedding service on. Rome and Jule stand on and off while Parson Lawrence yanks a book and shoves his

arms around to indicate reading prayer-book. Card—

"Till death us do part."
Right! You're hitched!

Wedding march on piano, and dance (two-step).

Scene 5.—Bar scrap in neighbouring saloon. Rome Monty draws a bead on Tybalt Capulet and lays him out. Sheriff says:—"Sentence: Deported as an undesirable." Rome springs on buck-jumper and clears, followed by usual crowd in usual race; winner, Romeo by ten miles. He reaches Jule's shanty unobserved.

Scene 6.—Jule's room on Capulet's diggings. Next morning—dawn. Piano: "So early in de morning." Romeo, by waving left arm upwards, indicates that dawn is breaking. Jule, by catching him by the shoulder and frowning, shows that she thinks he is wrong. Rome twiddles his hands and points one out of the window to tell her that he must escape to another State if he is to avoid being hanged, with further particulars. He lowers himself out of shanty window and rides off on buck-jumper. Piano: "Say *Au revoir* but not Good-bye."

Scene 7.—Juliet, pressed by Poppa Capulet to marry someone else, is afraid of committing bigamy, when Parson Lawrence buys her a two-finger nip of opium. She writes a letter to Romeo. Letter card—

Only opium, not poison.
Must take it to throw Pop off the scent.
Shall come round again in 48 hours.
Keep your hair on!

She drinks, exclaiming (card)—

Here's to you, Rome!

and drops in her tracks. (Piano—"Down by the willow she's sleeping," sung by darkies "off.")

Scene 8.—Telegraph boy with her letter has stopped to play baseball. Romeo gets another letter first—

Jule came all over queer yesterday;
dropped down and pegged out.
Buried this afternoon.
Don't take on, now—buck up!

Rome, in despair, buys nip of poison at neighbouring saloon and gallops back on buck-jumper to Old Man Capulet's diggings. Finds Jule in darkened vault. (Music—"The Rag-time Goblin Man.") Rome works his arms about, holds head, rolls his eyes, drinks poison. Card—

Here's to Jule. Gin, gin!

Drops. (Music—"Massa's in de cold, cold ground.") Jule comes to, finds him



Major Bangstick (of the Indian Army). "TELL YOUR SCOUT-MASTER THAT, NOW I'M HOME, I SHALL BE PLEASED TO HELP HIM, IF HE'D LIKE IT, WITH FIELD-WORK AND SO ON."

Horace. "THANKS, AWFULLY, DAD, BUT—ER—ARE YOU QUITE UP-TO-DATE?—DILL'S ALTERED A LOT SINCE YOU WERE HOME LAST."

dead, draws a gun and blows her brains out. Enter crowd of cowboys on buck-jumpers, with Old Man Capulet and Pop Montague. They find the bodies. Cards—

Pegged out—both of them!
We're up against it.

I'm always doing the wrong thing—
I lost a saddle-strap yesterday.

Well, I'm right-down sorry.
Put up yer gun, Mont—
let's quit fightin'!

Put it there—shake!

Chorus of darkies—"All de darkies am a-weeping;" "Yankee Doodle." Blank sheet, with words, "The B. and S. Film Co., Ltd."

"George Bernard Shaw, a well-known playwright."—*New York Sun*.
We always wondered who he was.

"Specialization in each city university there will be and ought to be *non omnia possumus omdes*."—*Collegian* (India).
Our contemporary will specialise in Latin.

SPRING SPORTS.

["The customary spring sports are being largely indulged in."—*The Margate Correspondent of "The Daily Telegraph."*]

WHEN you have regretfully put your skis back into their box, packed your skates into a brown-paper parcel once more, and put the bob-sleigh into cotton-wool for the summer, you may cheer up, for there are still the spring sports at Margate to be done.

Donning your sand-shoes and calash pipe, you emerge from the boarding-house after breakfast, sniffing up the invigorating east wind as you go, and proceed to the jetty. Everybody spends the morning on the jetty.

Some of London's most titled people are daily to be seen at the slots there. Men well known in commerce, art, law, and the services take very seriously their daily recreation of working the automatic machines with which a far-seeing enterprise has so plentifully endowed this bracing resort. It is told of Lord B. (with what amount of truth we do not know) that in a single morning he had no fewer than five out of fourteen pennies returned to him, so great was his skill.

For the more ambitious sportsman there is the fishing, which is always to be obtained here, whether the water be rough or smooth. A morning's catch may vary from seven ounces to three and a quarter pounds.

The afternoon is passed by the *habitudes* of the place in the healthful exercise of standing by the flagstaff. The rules are very simple; the only condition of the game is that the player must not hold on to anything or lean against anything; he may have his face or his side or his back to the wind, just as he pleases; all he has to do is to stand for one minute. The winners receive handsome bottles of cough-mixture, neuralgia cure, and other suitable gifts.

The evening during the spring sports season at Margate is spent by visitors pretty much as they like. There are certain police regulations which are restrictive to some extent; but it is generally found that after the rigours of the day in this healthy and exhilarating atmosphere, where, although the sun may perhaps be shining with great brilliance, the coldness of the east wind is in no way mitigated, the pastime of the Time-table problem is the most popular. The successful competitor is rewarded by catching the quick train home on the following morning.

More Hunger Strikes.

"The certifi-half neglected to feed her inners."—*Hocky Field.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

ILAM CARVE, the great artist, was a shy man who shunned society. He wandered about the Continent, attended solely by a valet and two moles. The moles lived just beneath his collar. One day (as all the world knows now) the four of them returned suddenly to England, and at the very moment of arrival *Albert Shawn*, the valet, died. Owing to a misunderstanding the three survivors were assumed to be *Albert*; and in the evening editions the death of *Ilam Carve*, England's greatest artist, was sadly announced. *Ilam*, too shy to go through the bother of correcting the mistake, let it be; the valet was buried in the Abbey; and *Ilam* and



Ilam Carve (Mr. HENRY AINLEY). "I am about to take my tie off. This being England, the curtain will be lowered for a minute while I do so."

his two moles started a new existence as *Albert Shawn*.

But the three of them were not alone for long. Soon after his funeral *Ilam* married *Janet Cannot*, the dearest little woman, who cared nothing for art but could manage a house. For two years they all lived happily together. Then the secret began to come out. To prevent a lawsuit over one of his pictures (recently painted and apparently, therefore, a forgery) *Ilam* was urged to reveal his identity. How could he establish it to the satisfaction of a man who knew nothing of art? . . . Quite right. The two moles.

Without wishing to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, I could wish that Mr. BENNETT had managed his final scene somehow else. He makes very good fun of the idea of identifying an artist by his neck rather than by his work, but this does not excuse him for

falling back on such an artifice. Anyway, could *Cyrus Carve* possibly have recognised or even have remembered his cousin's moles after twenty-five years? I have been trying to recall the exhibits in this line on the necks of my childhood's friends, and my mind, I fear, is an entire blank.

However, these are trifles. It is the characters of *Ilam* and *Janet* which make the play. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT owes much to Mr. HENRY AINLEY and Miss WISH WYNNE. As it happened, I read the play before I saw it, and it was amazing to find how real and living a person Mr. AINLEY could make *Ilam*; wonderful how delightful even the most ordinary remarks of *Janet* sounded from the lips of Miss WYNNE. Which had the greater triumph I cannot say; they were both superb. With their help Mr. BENNETT has given us a very pleasant entertainment at The Kingsway Theatre. And there is no reason why he should not give us many more; for his dialogue is always pleasant and easy and his stage-craft amply sufficient for his needs. But as a satirist he is rather ingenuous. Indeed at times he gives one the idea that he has only just discovered London . . . and finds it all very strange. M.

THE STRONGER LINKS.

"We should be near the eighth green now," I said, as we panted up the slope. "There is a guide-post just on the top of the hill, and—confound it!" The post had suddenly revealed itself just on the top of my nose. It was very dark.

"Never mind your silly nose," said Cicely unfeelingly. "How far are we from the green?"

"Turn to the right," I answered. "A little further . . . further yet . . . Good!"

There was a muffled shriek from the pot-bunker, and I knew that my nose was avenged.

"Don't trouble about getting all the sand out of your mouth," I advised her. "Some people eat grit with every meal, you know. It's considered to be beneficial to the digestion. Have you ever noticed how a dog . . . Ah, here's the flag."

"Get out one of the bottles," whispered Cicely excitedly.

"Take it," I said. "I have come with you in fulfilment of a rash promise, but I absolutely decline to take any part in the actual destruction of the greens. Heaven forbid that I should ever be guilty of such sacrilege."

In the darkness I heard the pop of a cork, followed by a gurgle and the faint splash of a liquid. Then a glimmer of



THE POINT-TO-POINT SEASON.

("The Man in Possession.")

Sportsman (in ditch). "Hi! HULLO! DON'T JUMP HERE! THIS PLACE IS OCCUPIED!"

white appeared near my feet, which I knew to be a flag inscribed "Votes for Women."

"Isn't it all splendid?" exclaimed Cicely, as we made our way stumblingly across to the tenth green. "I feel simply glorious. Like JOAN OF ARC, or—Mrs. DRUMMOND, you know. Here I am, helping on the great Cause and at the same time putting a check on the selfish pleasures of men."

"And women," I added.

There was a deep sigh as the last drop clucked out of the last bottle on to the sixteenth green. Cicely had been strangely silent for some time.

"After all," she said discontentedly, "I don't really know that I'm glad. Golf is rather a jolly game, isn't it?"

"More than a game," I suggested. "An absorbing pursuit."

"I've had some good times on the links, too," she said wistfully.

"Do you remember that foursome at Seamouth, when you had to hole out a twelve-yard putt for a win, and did it?"

"Don't," she pleaded. "Do you think it *does* advance the Cause to destroy golf greens?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I'm

convinced that it has precisely the opposite effect. I regard the proceeding with utter abhorrence."

"Then I think you're perfectly horrid to have let me come," she burst out. "Why didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you! I might as well have tried to stop a runaway motor-bus. So these are all the thanks I get for undertaking all this discomfort and risk out of mere Quixotic chivalry!"

"I wish we hadn't done it," she moaned. "I wish to goodness we hadn't done it now."

"That's all right, Cicely," I said cheerfully. "I rather expected this. That's why I emptied out your corrosive acid before we started, and filled the bottles with water."

"Mr. Hill acted as best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hill left for their honeymoon."—*Folkestone Express*.

Very careless of the clergyman to have married the bride to the best man.

"Mr. George wormily replied that he had already answered several times certain questions put to him."—*The Globe*.

Even a Chancellor of the Exchequer will turn.

BEFORE THE TOURNEY.

In days of old the ladye fayre
Would gird her true knight's armour
on,
Hand him the sword he wished to wear,
The breastplate he designed to don
Ere sallying forth to bandy cracks
With his ancestral battle-axe.

You can't do that, my Marguerite,
Since breastplates are no longer made,
And I perform each lusty feat
Ungarnished by the hardware trade.
The battle-axe remains, 'tis true;
It cuts the firewood up for you.

But one thing you *can* do for me
Or e'er I go to face the foe,
Thus proving your equality
With those dead dames of long ago.
Your true love looks to you for that;
Dearest, wilt oil my cricket bat?

"Aeneas Caning Anchises" fetched £550."
Daily Telegraph.

Is this the way to treat a father?

"Pigs wholesale 16, retail 14 a shilling."—
Advt. in "*South Gloucestershire Chronicle*."
We'll have sixpennyworth.

"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR."

I KNEW a man, a mild and cheerful soul,
Whose fancy cherished for its earthly goal
A garden of his own. For many a year
His villa with its cat-run in the rear
And one smut-blackened tree were all he had,
But some good neighbour's garden made him glad,
And sun and rain and every plant that grows,
The modest daisy no less than the rose,
Were his close friends; and he would stroll about
Admiring how the things were coming out,
And fruits and flowers and every singing bird
A friendly envy of his neighbour stirred;
And oft he'd quote, meandering round the spot,
"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!"
Then came a day when fortune, cruel-kind,
Gave him the very garden to his mind,
Grateful he cried, "Sweet pleasure all my own,
No hireling hands shall tend thee, mine alone!"
And casting off his coat, as I've been told,
He sallied forth to tend his precious mould.

The seasons came and went, and, on a day,
It chanced I journeyed down my old friend's way,
And thought to find him, in some happy hour,
A blissful Adam in his Eden bower.
I called, and from his flower-beds in he came,
But aged he seemed, with bended form, and lame,
It would appear he'd lately sprained his back
Lugging some seed-potatoes in a sack.
"Well, and how goes the garden, friend?" I said.
He eyed me with suspicion, shook his head,
And put me off; some blighting chance, 'twould seem,
Had dimmed the lustre of his former dream,
And, as within that earliest home of ours,
A fatal serpent lurked amid the flowers,
He, too, had sighed, with all who goalward strive—
"Better to journey hopeful than to arrive."

A genial soul of old, on great and small
He used to smile, and found some good in all;
But now what hates fill that once friendly mind
Of slugs and mice, birds, boys, weeds, wet and wind!
He dreams of deadliest poison for the rats
And sets wire-nooses for his neighbours' cats;
While that small daisy-friend of days gone by,
She gets the weed-destroyer in her eye.
Once, did a blackbird deign from that sole tree
To flood the backyard with its minstrelsy,
Raptured, with good AQUINAS he would cry,
"Hark, 'ubi aves, ibi angeli!'"
Now, at the first notes, all his thoughts are set
On cherries plundered 'neath their guardian net;
Or let a bullfinch pipe, and, with a frown,
"My buds!" he cries, and grabs his shot-gun down.
No fat-filled cocoa-nut now tempts the tits,
They, too, nip buds and must be blown to bits.
Once, though the rain were pelting cats and dogs,
Turning that neighbour's flower-beds to bogs,
He'd quote (who is it?) with a cheerful voice,
Smiling, "If heaven sends rain, why rain 's my choice!"
But let heaven try it now, and hear him shout,
"Confound the wet—washing my seedlings out!"
Once, a sun-worshipper, he'd bask and brown
A month on end; now, let the sun beam down
For one blest-week, he scowls and fags about,
Weighed down with watering-pots, and drats the drought.

So day by day he casts indignant eyes
Upon each changing aspect of the skies;
And every night before he goes to bed
Bangs the barometer and shakes his head—
A worn disproof, whate'er its inward grace,
That "honest labour wears a lovely face!"
Poor chap! I know now when I look on you
Why "Mary, Mary" so "contrairy" grow:
Still, rain or shine, the primal curse holds out:
Who tills the earth pays the old price, no doubt.
But, ere that ban a kindly soul can sour,
And blight for good your joy in fruit and flower,
And lest the clay you're made of, some ill day,
Hurl down the hoe and curse its fellow clay,
Be wise, good friend, before it grows too late,
And let the jobbing gardener through your gate.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

DEAR SIR,—I am a naturalist of considerable (local) repute, and my latest self-appointed task has been the study of bird-songs, and their translation, as far as possible, into human language. It may interest you to know that my researches have enabled me to disprove the popular fallacy that the *Turdus musicus* (common song thrush) warbles his roulades and cadenzas for the allurements and gratification of his mate. This is not the case, for, far from being of an amorous nature, the vocal outbursts of our speckled-breasted songster are nothing more or less than a caustic criticism on the manners and appearance of his hated rival on the next tree but one.

In submitting my translation herewith, I beg to mention that my garden is situated within the ten-mile radius, where the birds sing with a slightly Cockney accent.

First Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!
Get yer beak clipped! Get yer beak clipped! Get yer
beak clipped!
Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut! Tut!
Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool! Silly fool!
Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do! Cheese it, do!
Naughty! Naughty! Naughty! Naughty!
Pip, pip! Pip, pip! Pip, pip!
Swelled head and empty too! Swelled head and empty
too! Swelled head and empty too!
She's a peach, peach, peach, peach, peach, PEACH!
For you to eat? For you to eat? For you to eat?
I don't think! I don't think! I don't think!
Cool cheek! Cool cheek! Cool cheek!
I fill the bill—I'm It! I fill the bill—I'm It! I fill the
bill—I'm It!" (Pause to take breath and a passing fly.)

Second Thrush.

"Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank! Swank!"
(and so on to end).

If any of your readers are inclined to doubt this interpretation, I merely ask them to step into any London park or garden and test its accuracy for themselves.

Yours faithfully, OBSERVANT ORNITHOLOGIST.

The duties of a Surveyor are arduous. We read in *The Sanitary Record and Municipal Engineering*—

"The Wells Urban District Council have been inviting tenders for the purchase of a rotary road sweeping machine, and the Surveyor has been instructed to go through same, and report to the next meeting."

We hope he'll come out all right.



(Mother, trying to soothe restless infant, changes it over to her other arm.)
Nervous Gentleman. "HI! DON'T POINT THAT THING AT ME, MY GOOD WOMAN!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Boy Scouts Beyond the Seas (PEARSON) is the outcome of Lt.-Gen. Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL'S "recent tour of inspection among the Boy Scouts, not only in our overseas dominions, but also in the United States, Japan and China," and in several European countries. The book should, I imagine, appeal urgently to those for whom it has been written, and, at any rate, I can vouch for the fact that it is a wondrous mine of information. Do you, for instance, know what the word "buccaneer" originally meant, and can you explain why the kea is an extraordinarily unpleasant bird? Then again I discovered that Sir ROBERT is "generally up before half-past five," and this was also news to me. I think, however, that to tell a Boy Scout that "a fathom is six feet" is—or ought to be—rather unnecessary. The narrative is interspersed with little quips—I can hardly call them jokes—which are apparently intended to help the reader's digestion. That they did not assist mine is probably just as it should be, and I am very content to believe that Sir ROBERT understands to perfection both the matter that Boy Scouts ought to have and the manner in which they must have it.

I solemnly curse that kindly disposition, innate in all reviewers, whereby they are prompted to say a good word for all and sundry and are left with no adequate means of advertising real achievement when they come across it. I would at this moment be re-possessed of all the superlatives

I have squandered that I might spend them in the praise of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' *Studies in Love and in Terror* (METHUEN). That title not only indicates exactly what the reader may expect to find inside the cover but it is typical of Mrs. LOWNDES' method of getting to business. When less gifted authors would have searched high and low for a captivating phrase, she is content quietly to explain the position, and this, when you come to think of it, is what authors as well as titles are for. Mrs. LOWNDES fulfils her purpose excellently; having read her, you say, not "What a way she has of expressing things!" but, "What things she has a way of expressing!" Yet her art, if it is hidden, is there; for her style, which no one would examine but a critic, is found upon such examination to be exquisite. Of five faultless stories, the first, "Price of Admiralty," is perhaps the best; the situation of *Jacques de Wissant*, Mayor of Falaise, bound by his public duty to pay honour to the brave dead, who is at that moment first known to him to be his own wife's lover, is a masterpiece of irony in conception and exposition. The four which follow lack only the striking novelty of the first; their circumstances are more familiar, but otherwise their merit is the same. Indeed and in short, the stories have been to me, and must be to all who read them, five very thrilling experiences.

Never having read *He Who Passed*, I am unable to claim any share in the pleasant things that its author says of the critics of this work, in dedicating to them her latest production, *The Life Mask* (HEINEMANN). As I understand, however, that the one was supposed to be fact, while the

other is admittedly fiction, I have no hesitation in calling the latter the better of the two. Comparisons apart, moreover, *The Life Mask* struck me as being a highly remarkable novel, with a plot both striking and original, and written in a style quite distinctive and charming. Like all stories whose theme is "wrop in mystery," it is difficult to criticise without revealing the secret and thus depriving the author of her chief effect. This I will certainly not do. From the moment of your introduction to *Anita*, the girl-widow, living apparently in hiding as the guest of her devoted old nurse, and haunted by dreams of some hideous tragedy that has ruined her life, you naturally want to know what this was. For *Anita*, pleasure is supposed to be over; there is nothing before her but to exist unnoticed and, if possible, forgotten. But old *Sarah* thinks otherwise, and takes her charge to Spain, where, in an exquisite old garden, the inevitable man appears. He and *Anita* are lovers at sight; but there is still the sinister and horrible secret as a barrier between them. Perhaps the secret itself is so obvious that I might have betrayed it with no great harm to your enjoyment. But the final removal of the barrier—ah! no power should make me anticipate the manner of this. I shall just say that seldom, if ever, has a tale given me so genuine a surprise or such an unexpectedly creepy sensation. And of course, looking back, that explains everything. It certainly makes a haunting end to an unusual book.

It is very hard to know what to make of *Henry Kempton*, officer in the English army, who bounds as it were from the brain of EVELYN BRENTWOOD and THE BODLEY HEAD. The son of a plebeian furniture dealer, he is consumed with an ambition for social progress not unlike that of GEORGE GISSING's tragical figures, and, on the advice of a duke's daughter whom he happens to meet at a very mixed garden party, enters the 24th Hussars. In this regiment, which seems to be all at twenty-sixes and twenty-sevens, he falls under the influence of Major the Honourable John Carados, a soldier whose immorality and cynicism are only equalled by his fearlessness and efficiency. When this gentleman commits suicide through disappointment in a sordid love affair, *Henry* follows the advice of his idol to the extent of obtaining the V.C. solely in order to advertise himself, but is too cold-blooded to experience sentimental emotion and becomes engaged to *Lady Violet Ravenscroft* without having a particle of affection for her. The problem before the writer appears to be to make him sufficiently human to satisfy the demands of romantic heroism. The difficulty is solved by the curious expedient of making him suddenly cast aside his asceticism and betray his troth to his fiancée, at the beginning of the Boer War, with a Dutch woman who aims at playing the rôle of Jael and leads *Henry* and his regiment into a trap in which most of them are assassinated. Grievously wounded, he is forgiven by *Lady Violet*, and the novel ends happily on this agreeable note. The grammar of this book is almost as improbable as some of its incidents,

but there is a certain rude force about many of the scenes that made me not nearly so much distressed by these deficiencies as I felt that I ought to be.

There are those who object to Mr. PETT RIDGE's humour on the ground of its unvarying Pett-Ridgidity. They complain that it tends to become mere stereo. It is true that it has not a very wide range; but, on the other hand, it seldom fails to sparkle and be exhilarating; and I for one have no quarrel with a bottle of champagne because it resembles other bottles of champagne which may have come my way. The PETT RIDGE joke is constructed on a formula easy to understand but hard to imitate. It looks simpler than it is. Thus, in his latest work, a Superintendent, discussing the tracking of certain evil-doers, says to the bungling station-detective, "Will you keep your eyes open, Sergeant—" pauses and adds, "and look out for another berth." That sort of thing seems tolerably easy, yet the fact remains that Mr. PETT RIDGE is the only writer, except Mr. W. W. JACOBS, who does it even

passably well. It is the humour of unexpectedness, a polished version of that which earns the music-hall cross-talk comedians their vast salaries. All of which is leading up to the statement that, if Mr. PETT RIDGE's other collections of sketches have pleased you, you will like *Mixed Grill* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). You may find one or two stories in the book hardly worth reprinting, but the majority are of a quality deserving the dignity of stiff red covers. "The Rest Cure" is perhaps the best of the fifteen, with "Loose Cash" a good second; and, as for the book as a whole, I quote Mr. PETT RIDGE's waiter, "You may not like all of it, but what you



Pension Officer. "WELL, MICHAEL, SO YOU'RE LIVING YET?"
Michael (aged 75). "DEED, AN' I AM, SOR; AN' I ALWAYS NOTICE THAT ANNY YEAR I DON'T DIE IN MARCH I DON'T DIE AT ALL THAT YEAR."

don't care for you can easily leave."

REVENGE.

You ancient sisters twain who glowered at me
When, having almost missed my train at Harwich,
I, mazed by bawling porters, breathlessly
Blundered into your carriage,

It was not kind, nay, cruel 'twas of you
To show how much you loathed my forced intrusion:
The advent of some wild beast from the Zoo
Had scarce wrought worse confusion.

But, oh, I scored! For when we came to where
The tunnel runs between those last two stations,
Safe in the dark, I gave the ambient air
Six sounding osculations.

Then, with the daylight, as I rose to reach
My bag down—just a swift glance towards you
daring—
I joyed to see with stern conviction each
At the other grimly glaring.